M. FLOQUET IS FORGIVEN. HE MAY NOW BE PREMIER OR PRESIDENT

WITH RUSSIA'S APPROVAL PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE

Paris. February 3. The political event of the day-M. Floquet's reconciliation with Russia, and that without having to wear the white sheet or carry the taper of peni--was brought about by social means. He told a friend of Baron Mohrenheim how grieved he was every time he asked the leading members of the Corps Diplomatique to his table to see the place empty which the Russian Ambassador would fill, were there any one else at the Petit Bourbon. As a Floquet Ministry is thought to be the only possible strong one, the Russian Government is anxious that it should be formed. Baron Mohrenheim therefore sent a strong dispatch to M. de Giers on the subject, and the consequence was that he was instructed to seek the first opportunity that presented itself in a natural manner to show M. Floquet that his vouthful offence against the late Czar was forgotten in the sense of being forgiven. This is how the opportunity was created: The Russian Embassy sent some days ago an attache to M. Floquet to ask for a number of places in the Chamber for some Russian ladies now in France. In return a message was sent back to the effect that the Speaker's box in the gallery was placed at the disposal the Russian Ambassador. Accordingly at a dinner given at the Ministry of Commerce the Barou, while the guests were waiting for the repast to be aunounced, asked the Minister to introduce him to M. Floquet, whom he then thanked for his prompt kindnesss in the matter of the tick ets for the Chamber. After dinner he again sought an opportunity of speaking to M. Ploquet, and retired to converse with him into a nook in the greenhouse, where they were tet a-tête for more than half an hour. When they were parting M. asked whether the Baron and would do him and Madame Floquet asked Floquet the honor of dining with then on the 13th-a day which, by the by, does not in the Russian calendar fall on that date, and so is only to be counted by superstitions Russians as unlucky on the French side. A Floquet Ministry is now possible, the Baron having accepted the invitation.

I dare say the revelations of Fischer, the head of the Zarich police, about the part the Berlin police have taken in goading on Anarchists in Switzerland and most other countries where they exist to express their political views in dynamite explosions, made the Czar more ready to condone the Floquet offence. This offence dates twenty-two years back. M. Floquet was then a young and ardent briefless barrister and had lived more in Revolutionary history than in real life. He was also a bachelor and devoid of social culture, which his wife and a widened sphere have given to him. Nobody bated the Third Napoleon with a more hely horror. He hated all sovereigns on principle as a Republican sectarian should, but the fact that the Czur, the King of Prussia, the King of Sweden, the King of Portugal and the King of the Belgians came to Paris as the guests of the low usurper at the Tuileries in 1867 rendered them especially odions to M. Floquet, who was old enough to remember the petition of the people of Paris in 1848 on behalf of the Poles. M. Floquet had also as the correspondent of the "Siecle" in the Garibaldian expeditions seen a good deal of Polish adventurers on the comrade footing and liked them. He was a close friend of Microslowski, a Pole who was engaged in the revolts in Berlin and the Grand Duchy of Baden in 1848, and so was pretty well primed and loaded against Russian despotism in The bar in 1867 was (as it always is) in opposi-

tion to the Government and most of the young barristers were trying through political cases, which they pleaded for nothing, to acquire name and fame, and to enter the Corps Legislatif. They were very rhetorical. Most of them were only that in their opposition, not excepting Gambetta, but M. Floquet was sincere and had naited his colors to the democratic mast. Like most persons of con viction he thought those who talked did were as conviaced as he was nimself, and looked upon the Palais de Justice, in the lobbies of which he and the other brieflesses were in the habit of abusing the Empire to each other, as a sanctuary of liberty. I then knew him very well. He was short, broad-shouldered and spare, had a thick head of hair which was naturally curiy and stood up straight for some distance from his forehead. The carriage was erect and the head proudly thrown back. Though his mouth was small he was a born orator and had a fine voice. His features were more Basque than French. "Floquet" means a tuft of feathers or flowers and is the equivalent of the German 'Krantz." He had cast off M. Ollivier, who had been his Gamaliel, because he went over to " Bonaparte"-for the Speaker of the Chamber never called the Emperor Napoleon or by his title. M. Floquet could have had but a slender income, When quite a lad he found out a niece of Marat and lived on the shortest commons to relieve her poversy, and went on doing tais until she died. His lodging was a dingy and plainly furnished flat in the Rue Ste. Anne, where he used to give weekly soirces attended by young advocates and journalists who were in opposition. Up to the time of his marriage he had been the Spartan of his set.

You can therefore understand what he felt on seeing the Czar, who was the honored guest of "Bonaparte," in the Palan de Justice attended by Bonapartist generals and aides de camp of the Usurper. Poor Caffarel, by the by, was in the following of the Imperial stranger on that occasion. M. Floquet's honest though perhaps indiscreet indignation carried him away, and instead of standing aside to make way for the Imperial visitor he remained where he was in the midst of the passage and cried "Vive la Pologue, Monsieur!" You may say to a King "Sire," which is the equivalent of "Sir," because in the time of chivalry Knighthood was above every thing else and a King was addressed as "Sir King." But "Monsieur." which is equal to the old-fashioned "Master," or the present day 'Mister," is essentially non-regal, although the brother of Louis the Fourteenth was only known at the Court of Versailles as "Monsieur." M. Floquet was in his professional square cap and gown when he thus accosted Alexander II. The Council of the Order of Advocates, divers influential members of which had been in opposition also, but wanted to square things with the fuileries, thought the outburst of Republican feeling of Maitre (Master) Floquet a thing to be reprimanded by them and took measures accordingly. He had a narrow escape from being censured. What made his offence the more offensive in the eyes of the Court of Russia was an event with which he had nothing to do, namely, the attempt of Berezowsky. a Polish refugee, to shoot the Czar as he was returning through the Bois de Boulogne from a review at Longehamps. Nobody was ever more opposed to assassination as a political method than the upright Maitre Floquet. But as the Czar had no personal acquaintance with any ope who knew him well, and as he was detested at the Tuileries, Alexander and his sons. who were with him, derived their impressions of his character and antecedents from what they heard there about him. These impressions remained, and they have stood

Floquet being President of the Republic.

France has every interest in being on good terms with Russin, and the dynamite doliges of Prince Bismarck's police, as revealed by Herren Senger and Bebel, in the German Farliament, make the Czar regard the youthful offence of M. Floquet against Alexander II, as a mere trifle, not worth nursing

Alexander II. as a mere trifle, not worth nursing anger about.

That offeace, by securing the offender political cases, brought him to the front in democratic politica. It was indirectly the reason why he was chosen by the Noir family to plead against Prince Pierre Bonaparte before the high court of Tours in demanding damages for the mother of Nietor Noir, whom the Prince shot. I was present at the trial and heard both M. Floquet and another young advocate of consummate talent and exceptional native ability, but sceptical and unormicipled, ou the same side. M. Floquet was sublimely honest, and none of the feeling he expressed was put on for the occasion. It was a thing which had been long bottled up and the cork being grawn came foaming out. Madame Floquet, then a lovely young brunette, brought fortune to her husband. This enabled him to continue to cultivate conscience under happier conditions. She shared his views and

Communal schools of Paris to a house warming much at the new Hotel de Ville. That lunch fixed on a firm basis the popularity of her husband and helped to give him at the last elections the proud position of tip top Deputy at the head of the list voted into the Chamber by Paris. I think I have shown that M. Floquet is not a "politician" in the bad sense of the word. Though se firm in his principles he has shown as Speaker respect for convicting the sense of the words. shown that M. Floquet is not a "positional" in the bad sense of the word. Though so irm in his principles he has shown as Speaker respect for convictions opposed to his own and his farmess in above repreach. If Madame Floquet had children she would be the happiest woman alive, she is a woman of strong maternal instincts. Every Caustimas she busies herself about the grand Christmas tree for the little Alsatians and gives a Christmas tree party at the Perit Bourbon for the children of the dootkeepers usbers and other underlyings employed doorkeepers, ushers, and other underlings employed about the Chamber of Deputies. She is a very practical lady and a good deal of the success of the schools for preparing girls for business is due to

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF PRINCETON.

WHY PROFESSOR PATTON HAS NOT BECOME AN

AMERICAN CITIZEN—A PEN-PICTURE.

In the recent discussion which led to the selection of Professor Francis L. Patton as the proper person to succeed Dr. McCosh as the president of Princeton College one of the strongest objections against such a choice was the fact that Dr. Patton, although he had lived in this country for a score of years, had never become natural-ized, and that at the very time of his candidacy he still gave allegiance to the British Crown. Those who were most enthusalatic adherents of Dr. Patten, and a host of others, who were indifferent or ignorant of the theolog ical matters under dispute, were nonplussed when the ritiessm was made that their favorite candidate was not an American citizen, and that the sentiment of the college was directly opposed to the selection of any other than a native American. Professor Patton, himself, with characteristic modesty and forbearance, de clined to comfort his friends or discredit the enemy's umors, and it was not until after the unnaimous vote of the Processon trustees had been recorded in his favor that the real reasons of Dr. Patton's inability or indider ence to the duties of American citizenship became

In reference to this matter a well-known trustee of the college said yesterday: "Only three or four facts are necessary in order to understand Dr. Patton's position in regard to this criticism. If ancestry has any virtue, he is roughly American. His grandfather, who bore the same name, Francis Landey Patton, was married in this ity over one hundred years ago to a niece of Paul Richard, then Mayor of New-York, and a prominent Knickerocker. Seen after they went to the Bermuda Islands to live. New-York was then in close communication with Bermuda, and Paul Richard was possessed of large estates there, a portion of which he left to the children his nices. In the course of inheritance the property came to Dr. Patton. As a matter of simple law, there fore, there are reasons connected with the entail of this property in his children's behalf, by which, if he took any steps to claim his citizenship in this country, the property would escheat, and the children would lose

"As to the effect of the recent aspersions upon the char acter and attainments of the president-elect, you may say that their only effect has been to strengthen the admiration of his adherents, and to rally the graduates and friends of the college generally to his support. At the ollege itself Professor Patton has received a continuaovation, and a succession of athletic victories-the d of undergraduate jubilation -could not have

standard of undergraduate jubilation—could not have awakened more enthusiasm and fervor than the selection of Professor Patton as the twelfth president of Princeton has aroused."

The following pen-picture of Professor Patton was given on his election to the chair of ethics in the college in 1884; "Dr. Patton is of ordinary angint, but of more than ordinary talinness, which is made more apparent by his tigatly buttone; coat. His face also is thin, and is pervaded by a scholarly pallor; and if he wore not doing, apparently without injury, such an enormous amount of work, one would concarde that his health is and good. Although having this worn and 'pale cast of thought,' has face gives the impression of youthfulness; and though marked by strong, sharp lines, has at times a sweet, spiritual, and even childine expression. Usually when he is speaking, however, he has a habit of twisting his face almost as if in pain, lifting his evebrows and slightly frowning. His hair is quite thick and lour, and is parted well on toward the mindle; he wears side whiskers and spectacles, and his eye is bright and volume. It has a sharp, explain, and low, but reveals occasionally an unexpected compass, both of depth and volume. It has a sharp, explain, and instinced; in fact, he seems like one who is samply thinking about. And yot there are few speakers whose sermons are suce clear and compact intellectual processes, and his language is marked by an exquisite organizations. mons are such clear and compact intellectual processes and his language is marked by an exquisite ornatene and precision. He has but little of mere physical actio and precision. He has but little of mere physical action which makes his intellectual activity throughout his ad-lress all the more evident and accentuated."

HE COULDN'T ACCOUNT FOR THE BREAD An old man with an absent-minded air was eating unch in a Broadway restaurant the other day. He had

just begun his meal when two young men took sents at the same table, one next to the old man and the other epposite to him. Having healthy and vigorous apportion soon disposed of all the bread that had brought with their orders, and then noticing the pro-occupied air of their aged neighbor they each quickly abstracted a slice of bread from his supply, and having of these they climbed into their coats and departed with considerable chuckling at the old man's

The victim of the joke, entirely unmindful of what had appened ate slowly on, and at length, after scrutinizand requested some bread.

and requested some bread.

This was quickly supplied, and when the aged guest had completed his lunch and the check was presented, he put on his spectacles and sale:

"What does "extra bread, ten cents," mean t"
"You had two plates of bread sir," replied the waiter.

"I only had one, and there's part of it left," rejoined the old man tudismantly.

"Two plates, sir," reiterated the waiter.

"I recken I know what I ate."

"And I know you had two plates of bread."

"I did not. Why don't you chavge me with a couple of turkeys and a whole ham I" asked the old man, getting angry.

of turseys and a supering angry.

"What's the trouble here I" inquired the cashier.

"Old party's eaten four slices of bread and swears he only ate one," explained the waiter.

"And I say the waiter les," screamed the old man, getting purple with excitement.

"Much of an order I" asked the cashier.

Weil, we won't charge you for extra bread," said the cashier, magnanimously. "You better ust," growled the old max, as he paid his bill and glared at the water, " and I want it understood that if anybody in this eating-house says four slices, to me I'll wipe up the crumbs on the floor with him. I'm old, but I'm peart."

Dealers in paims and evergreens are already beginning to prepare for Paim Sunday, although it is still hazy in distance. A TRIBUNE reporter chatted recently with a wholesale dealer in palms on the season's prospects,

and he supplied some interesting facts.

"You have little idea," he said, "how many palm branches are taken by Catholic and High-Church Episcopal churches in this city and elsewhere for use on Palm Sunday. Last year we sold five tons, and this season we are sending circulars all over the country and preparing to bandle fifty tons of palms. The city churches usually take a larger supply of the branches than will be handed out, and what is left over is burnel and the ashes used out, and what is left over is burned and the ashes used on Ash Wednesday of the next year. The branches are very heavy. Fifteen would weigh about twenty-five pounds. We get all our paims from Florda, as the Carbina product is not so satisfactory. The branches arrive closed something like a bunch of fag-flly ribbons, and these can with care be opened fan-like with ribbon ends. They form a graceful ornament over a picture in any parlor, and cost but 15 cents. The branches remain green for two months and then gradually fade, beginning at the tips of the ribbons. It is two years, however, before the entire branch is dry and brown."

"We are about the only house in the city," concluded the dealer, "having a general all-the-year round trade in paim branches. They are now much used in house and hall decoration. Scarcely a ball occurs without paim branches in some form, and for this purpose we send large numbers as far as Canada."

MILKMEN IN THE SNOWDRIFTS.

From The Hartford Tones.

An energetic young Newington farmer who drives a well-loaded milk team into Hartford on time every morning, no matter what the weather may be, and who justly rather prides himself on his punctuality, got up half an hour earlier than common this morning, in order to "get there" as usual in spite of the heavy drifts and biting winds. He managed to work his way along the badiy drifted country road without being greatly delayed, until he came to a place where the drifts were bigger than elsewhere, and there he stuck hard and fast. There was nothing to do except to stay there till the snow melted, or dig a way out. He deeded to dig. He was busily engaged in this difficult work when he was joined by another team, and the driver of that was asked in a friendly way for assistance. But this man waen't built that way, and refused to lend a hand. The difficulty was finally overcome, and our young friend proceeded. But he was speedily avenged, for pretty soon the other fellow got stuck himself in a drift as deep as the first one.—"and you can just bet," remarked the Newingeton man an hour or so later as he poured out the creamy milk at the residence of a "Times" reporter, "we didn't waste any time helping him." From The Hartford Tim

"SAM" JONES TAKEN ABACH.

Ranga City Dispatch to The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Over two thousand women, most of them handsome and well dressed, occupied the seats in Priests of Pallas Hall this morning when Sam Jones mounted the platform. His sermon was especially intended for vives, and those desirous of securing good advice were present in full force. Among other things, Jones said: "How you do twist and squeeze your body to please society. I never heard of a woman who did not have corns. If there is such a one here I would like to have her pleture." Here a modest looking young woman on a front seat rose, ap, and amid a honest, and none of the feeling he expressed was put on for the occasion. It was a thing which had been long bottled up and the cork being drawn leam foaming out. Madame Ploquet, then a lovely young brunette, brought fortune to her husband. This enabled him to continue to cultivate conscience under happier conditions. She shared his views and was ambitious for him. It was she who had the bright idea when he was Prefect of the Scine some years ago, of asking the small children who attend the

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

A SCENE IN THE SENATE MARBLE ROOM. THE CAREER OF AN ADVENTURER-ROW & KEN

TUCKIAN TOOK TWO SONATAS-NOTES. WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.-Two beautiful women are frequently to be seen in the Marble room of the Senate interviewing the statesmen whom they call from the Chamber one by one. What they have say is told in whispers with their lips very near to the Senatorial car. One of these ladies has been se about Washington a great deal of late years, and those who know her mission are sorry that she is compelled to come again. She is in search of justice, while the other is seeking for vengeance. Both represent their absent husbands, who never appear, and both are from California.

Some years ago an officer in the regular army was cashiered by a court martial. He submitted to his disgrace, although he protested to his friends that he was the victim of injustice. Not so his wife. She is made of different stuff, and feeling that the honor and happiness of their children were at stake as well as their own, she did not rest until she secured evidence to show that her husband was not gullty of the offence with which he was charged. This she submitted to President Hayes, but he was powerless to act. The dismissal had been made, and the only way to nullify the action of the court martial was to have a law passed restoring the officer to the army and correcting his record. Secretary McCrary gave the lady a very strong letter and the Senate passed the bill, but, among a multitude of other measures, it did not go through the House. The next Congress she came to Washington again, and the next, and every successive Congress until the last, but each time the bill she worked so hard to get through failed to become a law.

Last March, however, two days before the adjournment of the XLIXth Congress, her long labors seemed obout to be rewarded, and her hopes fulfilled. The bill was passed which restored her husband to the my and wiped the stain from his record. It went to the White House on the morning of the 3d of March. The President had thirty-six hours in which sign it, but stuck it in a pigeon hole, and there it died. The years of toll and sorrow, shame and anxiety that that little bill represented were mad known to the President by General Hawley, but both to and the Secretary of War explained afterward that their time was so much absorbed by the examination of the River and Harbor bill and other measures that they could give it no attention.

The brave woman has come back to Washington again, looking as beautiful and appearing as deemined as ever, and she thinks if she can get the bill through this time the President will certainly sign it, for she has called on Mrs. Cleveland and

The other beauty, with "Titian red hair" and languishing eyes, is Mrs. LeBreton, of California, who is trying to defeat the confirmation of Major Consul General to Paris, because, as he asserts, he did not treat her husband fairly. LeBreton never appears, and is said to care very illustrate the truth of what Shakespoare says about a woman scorned." Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, is principal champion in the Senate, and be keep the consideration of Major Rathbone's case postponed while Mrs. LeBreton is attempting to obtain pledges from Senators, one by one, to vote against confirmaticn.

I know of a " man about town" here, who takes great interest in public affairs, visits the Capitol regularly every day, is a charming talker, a welcome guest at the home of many Senators and members of the House, in short, a "jolly good fellow," but one whose means of support have been something of a mystery to his most intimate companions. The other day he applied to a Senator, whose wealth is counted

"I don't know that I shall ever be able to pay you," said Jones, frankly-I call him Jones because name-"but if I am ever able I promise to do so "

The Senator was a good deal surprised at this unnenal exhibition of candor, and replied in the same

ect to my imitating you. I would like to know how on live. It has long been a mystery to me, and if I give you the money I want you to gratify my uriosity. Now don't be offended."

Not in the least," replied Jones. "On trary you have a right to know. I have no income, as many people suppose, but simply live on my friends. I entertain them, do little services for them, and then draw upon them, as I have on you, for my I have never struck you before and I hope shall not be compelled to do so again; but just at the first man I met after receiving my board bill, which, of course, has to be paid, for I don't want to

The Senator's astonishment may better be imagine than described. Recovering his breath he exclaimed: "Look here, Jenes, if you live on your friends, as you say, why in thunder do you always board at a

first-class botel !" "That's easy enough to answer," replied Jones, without a minute's hesitation; "if I didn't board at a first-class hotel I wouldn't have any friends."

I understand that Secretary Vilas made a species of royal progress recently through his Department, accompanied, as is usual on such occasions, by a staff of obsequious satellites. In that portion of his realm which comprises the Gereral Land Office he was escorted more particularly by Mr. William Walker, the chief clerk of the same, who, it is mildly intimated, has aspirations for the Assistant Commissioner's place, but whom, in their hours of ease the clerks call Dr. Mary Walker, because he looks like Mary and resembles "it" in body and mind.

Arrived at the attorneys' room, Bre'r Walker

pointed to the walls, and with a careless wave of the hand, remarked in an off-hand manner

"Here is where the files are kept." Some of the attorneys who were at work in the room looked up in mild-eyed wonder, for not only would it indicate a startlingly new departure that attorneys should be allowed free access to the files of of one of the most puzzling problems which the Department has had to confront of late, to wit; how to dispose of the vast accumulations comprising the files of the Land Office on a few 10x2 shelves. As a matter of fact they would probably cover one half of the whole wall space in the General Post Office Building. over which the new Secretary recently presided. As the lofty exemplars of Jeffersonian simplicity left the room some one remarked in a very audible whisper:

Senator Berry was prevented under a point of order made against him-an almost unheard of occurrence in the United States Senate-from explaining his vote on the passage of the Blair Educational bill. Talking good-humoredly about the unfair treatment he had received on that occasion, to a couple of triends yesterday, he remarked, laughingly:

"Of course, I couldn't have done as the gentle man from Clay County did when the Speaker of the

"What's that he did?"
"Why, Clay County picked up an inkstand and offered to bet \$10 he wasn't out of order. And the

tain Senator with musical tastes underwent when he attempted to give himself up for one short evening to the undisturbed enjoyment of the opera; how his coachman was arrested; what difficulties he encounmorning he went to the Police Court and pleaded the man's case and obtained his discharge. The Senator's wife is an accomplished musician and a fine performer on the piane. She gave a dinner party the other day to which she had invited, among others, a certain member of the Kentucky delegation in the House. At the urgent request of some one in the company she played and sang while awaiting the sum-mons to dinner. She had just finished a polonaise by Chopin, and a painful silence followed the outburst of applause which had greeted the performer as she rose from the piano, when the Senator was heard turning

to his Kentucky friend with: Would you like a sonata before dinner, Colonel ?" "Well, I don't mind," replied promptly the "Colo-nel," smacking his lips and bracing up. "I had two

seems to be lonesome upon the Democratic side of the chamber. He was elected, as will be remembered, by the votes of the Republicans of the New-Jersey Legislature, the two Labor men and three Democratic beliers, who refused to support Governor Abbett, the regular Democratic nominee. At the time of his election Mr. filodgett was the superintendent of the

party. He had been a Democrat Defore, and is still counted with that party, but the conditions under which he was elected provent him probably from entering the cancus of either party, and he is left to "flock all alone by himself." He is a man of retiring He is a man of retiring disposition, is almost always in his seat, and generally votes with the Democrats on political ques Senator McPherson monopolizes all the patronage of the State and carefully ignores his colleague. Blodgett always lunches alone, and sits by himself in the cleak room when enjoying his post-prandial cigar. He does not seem to care for the society of his fellow

with half the Democrats in the chamber.

A Washington author-a woman-wrote a song of the pathetic order the other day, dedicated it to lately deceased wife of a prominent official, and then submitted it to Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, who is a friend of the family and happened to be in town, ask ing him at the same time whether in his opinion it would prove a success.

"Success P growled the infidel. "Why not? Songs with coffin attachments always find a ready market."

President Cleveland and his inclination to predict dire calamity for everybody concerned if the advice he gives is not followed-exemplified, for instance, when and his more recent message on the surplus, which many consider but a myth-were the subjects of dis cussion in a group of Republicans in the House.

Well, the country is about as well off to-day said one, "as it was when he predicted that it would go to the demnition bow-wows if the coinage of silver were not suspended forthwith, or the surplus were not

"Yes," remarked another, "in his predictions his eminds me very much of that green reporter who had just been hired by the editor of a country newspaper, and after being told to hustle around for items returned in the evening with a paragraph which read something like this, and which he said was the best be could do:

Yesterday we saw a sight which froze our blood with horror. A cabman driving down Main-st. at a rapid pace was very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children stepped into a drug store just before the cab passed Then, too, the cabman, just before reaching the ing, thought of something he had forgotten, and turning about drove in the opposite direction. Had it been for this wonderful concurrence of favorable circumstances, a doting father, a loving mother, and affectionate brothers and sisters would have plunged into the deepest wee and most unotterable funeral expenses."

"Well," concluded the Congressman, " it is said that that reporter was at once retained, and I suppose, he added, after a moment's reflection, "upon the same principle the Democrats will renominate Grover Cleve land.

Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, has been spending the last few days in Washington for the purpose of making studies of character which shall serve him when he comes to write his next work of fiction. This, at least, is said to be the object of his present visit. ducing something entirely new to the way of " wedding to the Washington public, which on the score of convenience, economy and sundry other reasons is respectfully submitted to the consideration of all whom it may concern," as it must most young people, sooner or later.

It appears, then, that on Tuesday last Miss Anita R. Newcomb, daughter of Professor Simon Newcomb, of Nautical Almanac, was married to Professor W McGee, of the Geological Survey. Mr. Stockton friend of the family and was present at the wedding After the ceremony, instead of the young couple going on a wedding trip, the bride's parents were th rice and old slippers and banished on a two weeks exile, while Mr. and Mrs. McGee were left in possess This was Mr. Stockton's idea, it is said and a very good one it was. Whether he is t fiction of this bit of real life is yet a matter of con-

"What, is this Senator Reagan!

" Yes, sir, of Texas." " Do you remember me?"

Perfectly. You are General Wilson, who commanded the Northern cavalry at the time of the capture." The two men shook hands warmly. It was a singu-lar meeting which occurred in the Senate Committee Interstate Commerce on Friday. For the first tim since '65, when the dashing young Union cavalry officer had captured "Jeff" Davis, Reagan, then Pos master-General of the Confederacy, and others of that onskirt contingent, the captor and the captured met between two old army comrades could hardly have been more cordial. "I shall never forget the very satisfactory inter-

view I held with you at that time," continued General

"No," responded the Texas Senator, reflectively,

"I fully remember what was said then, and I have always thought it would not have been the proper

"No," repeated the Senator, still reflecting; "no." That incident, one of the most important in his life, was evidently recalled vividly to his mind. But

Wilson continued in a happy vein:
"I am reminded," said he, "of the parole I gave
Governor Brown. He wanted to be paroled, and I scratched off a line for him to sign. In it I inserted a clause which might have been construed as a mild sort of statement that the Governor recanted his views and regretted his course.

". Why, you don't want me to sign that?' he asked. as And why not?

". Because it would ruin my political prospects for ". Your political prospects!' I said in amazement,

"why. Governor, you don't imagine you have any prospects, do you, except of being hanged." But it was all in pleasantry, and the parole ssued without the objectionable clause."

Wilson talked on the subject under discussion, Senator Reagan was apparently his most earnest listener.

RAISING BY RULE.

We have fust had some visitors at our house whom I was heartily glad to see depart. I hope they won't come again very soon—not, at least, until they can come without bringing a year-and-a-half-old baby with them. It was not the baby that made me use my usual serontly of soul. It was the father and mother. The child was good enough—better than most babies would have been under similar circumstances, better by far than I would have been had I been in its place, knowing half as much as I know now.

under similar circumstances, better by far than I would have been had I been in its place, knowing half as much has I know now.

These parents were raising their little Charles by rule. No one must dare call the calid "Charley" or by any of the "baby names" dear to baby lovers. It was "acainst the rule" to do so. They had called that poor little thing "Charles" since the day of its birth. It lived and breathed and had its being according to "rules" as unalterable as the law that "changoth never," of which we have all read.

The trouble becan the first night. At exactly 6 o'clock they took the baby, kicking rebelliously, away from my little boy of the same age, and one a year older, and carried him off up stairs, where he was undressed and put to bed. His parents immediately rejoined us in the parlor, leaving the child kicking and screaming in actual fright in the room above.

"We always put him to bed in the dark," said the child's mother complacently, heedless of the stricks above.

"But he may not feel quite well after his tide of a

"We always put him to bed in the dark," said the child's mother complacently, heedless of the shricks above.

"But he may not feel quite well after his ride of a hundred miles to-day," said my wife. "Then, too, the little fellow is in a strame room and a strame house."

"That makes no difference at all; I never so to him after I put him to bed, no matter how long he cries," said the mother.

"Mamma! mamma! mamma!" shricked the child.

"Baby 'traid! baby 'traid!"

The father stepped into the hall and cried out harshly:

"Charles! he still and hush right up!"

"Charles! he still and hush right up!

"Charles didn't 'husa up." He was a delicate nervous child, and had worked himself into such an excited state of mind that he could not control himself. His cries were pitiful.

"Charles!" cried out the father a second time.

"Would you mind if I ran up to the poor little fellow far a morsen!!" asked my wife, greatly distressed by the child's cries.

"We never have any one go to him," said the mother, ceidig. "He must learn to obev us."

They do not know it to this day, but I slipped out into the kitchen and ran up the back stairs and went to that haby myself. The poor little soul was fairly quivering with fear and excitement. His little fingers clutched at me as I bent over him, and when I lay down by him he clasped both arms tight around my neck and lay trembling and solbing in my arms.

I believe in rules and in system for raising bables, but there is not a rule or a system that cannot sometimes be set aside to the advantage of the baby. I have seen children whose every movement was regulated by a fixed and unalterable rule, and they were not the happiest or the most pleasing children in the world. I have known such children to break away from the restraint and the irisone rules of home at a surpreliancy armia and the risone rules of home at a surpreliancy and locaty, they did things they might never have done had hear you been held with such a their tree all their lives. We need wisdom and the constant recollection

A Virginia farmer was made to believe that whiskey was a good bast for coons, and he set a bucket of it out four successive nights. The whiskey didn't catch any coons, but several "coons" caught on to the whiskey.—(Nerristown Heraid.

SILKS.

THE FASHIONS OF THE COMING SEASON.

NEW WEAVES AND BEAUTIFUL COLORS-COMBINA-TIONS WITH WOOLLENS. Silles, satins, crapes and tissues, the silken weaver of many lands, are now shown on the counters of the Lyons remains the chief manufacturing centre of silken goods; probably nine-tenths of the so called India silks in market are made at this great metropolis of the silk industry. American many ers have advanced steadily the quality of their goods, and nearly all the plaided, striped and plain arahs and other silks now extensively used for combinations with plain woollens are from American looms. Merchants predict a gay season, and the most brilliant changeable silks of jewel-like lustre are shown to meet the season's fancy.

of which make them the most durable wear of silken goods known, are shown in ombre and changeable effects, with the high lustre known as glace and in demi-glace justre, in plain and fancy striped and fig-There are taffeta stripes shot wit brilliant color side by side with moire si's stripes which vary in size from wide bands in ribbon effect to quite narrow lines. Some of the most elegant taffeta silk stripes are pointed with threads of satin, each stripe being outlined with a row of tiny satin points in brilliant contrasting color. Plaid taffetas are shown in large effective patterns for combination with cash-mere and Henrietta cloths. Dark green taffetas are plaided in large designs with fine lines of pale bluish Nile green and are charming made up with dark green cashmere. For young, fair girls there are navy-blue silks cross-lined in a broken pattern with cardinal lines, which will be used as an underdress and garniture with blue wool. For older ladies of more quiet taste there are black taffetas plaided with lines of white, which make refined-looking, stylish dresses combined with black Henrietta cloth or the soft silk warped camel's hair cloths of summer weight. The plain changeable taffetas and the smaller checks and stripes are designed for entire costumes. To be in good taste and meet the requirements of the sea son, a silk must be in a large decided pattern of stripe, plaid or figure, if it is to be used in combination with a different goods.

Watered silks are extensively imported this season There are moires and moire antiques; the former term applying to the patterns of slik where the watered effect forms distinct stripes, while in moire antique the watered pattern extends in irregular wave lines all over the goods. These silks are imported in plain and in new changeable and figured and striped effects. The regular weaves of watered silk in changeable

effect are designed to be used in combination stripes or figures, and are imported with them, but it is certain that many elegant silk costumes will be made up without combination, this matter depending upon the fancy of the wearer and her size and style of fare and figure. There are many American women of petite, fragile type, who will find the wide stripes d in combination dresses, which are so becoming to fine, queenly figures, entirely out of keeping with eir own faces and forms, and such women will adopt solid costumes which may be suitably trimmed lovely stripes of moire and satin in which the change give a richer tone to the satin in shadow, while it is a trifle more visible in the moire; India pink and nden green, gobelin blue and cardinal, fade old-rose and Nile green, ivory-white and canary color, coppecolor and beige, are some of the combinations used in these changeable effects. Again, there are combinastripe of moire on a faille ground is surrounded by ken lines of satin, and the entire goods is woven in rich changeable effect. There are some exceeding ly rich moire antiques striped with wide bands of satin as wide as sash-ribbons, which will make beau tiful gowns in combination with plain moire and These are especally lovely in yellowish tints of linden green, a charming color for blondes; or in Aurore eate lawn-pink, er fancillon, a dark old-rose, becom ing to brunette beauties; or in alanthus, a new goldsame color; moire antiques striped with plaided bands spots of contrasting color. There are also many fancy plaids of moire antique and heavy corded silks of which are cross-barred by lines of satin; these may be used in combination with wool or with

Glace scintillante is a new weave in silk of arm pattern, as brilliant and glowing in its changeable hues as the iris-tinted wing of the midnight moth. This silk has none of the stiffness of gros-grain in its texture, but despite its rich lustre it is sort as surah lik. Plain peau de sole, the novelty of last season is again imported; it is shown in gray shot coquelicot red, in hunter's green and linden green, olive and gold, and other combinations.

mental selvedges, recorded early in the season by THE TRIBUNE as a feature of woollen goods, are seen on many of the new changeable silks. These selvedges are usually simple bands varying from two to two and a half inches in width and in one of the colors of the changeable silk; thus a gobelin blue selvedges of copper; and an emerald green silk shot with cardinal is banded with a two-inch selvedge of cardinal color. Among white satins in tinsel effect are new patterns in weeping willow design, outlined in

old or in silver threads on tvory white grounds. Black silks are displayed in the durable and handsome heavy corded goods in moire and moire antique; in satin, surah and other weaves familiar to shoppers. There are moire antiques striped with wide tands in fine lines of satin, or figured with patterns in which the watered effect forms a figure, and in man, other designs. "P'deson," a silk similar to a satin de Lyons, but finished alike on both sides; "Lexon," which is a

designs. "P'deson," a silk similar to a satin de Lyons, but finished alike on both sides; "Lexon," which is a pean de soie weave on one side and a mascot silk on the other, and "fleur de soie," a duil, rich, single-faced silk without instre, are all new weaves of black silk. Armure silks, which are always popular with iadies in mourning on account of their doil, instreless finish, are imported in designs varying in size from those as fine as small grass seeds to patterns larger than kernels of corn. A few silks with cords as large as ottomans are shown, and also a few gross-grains. Black surahs in dain'y stripes and figures are desirable for entire dresses; there are also many satin grounds figured in they clusters of dots or other designs, or in irregular stripes which range from \$1.25 upward and make excellent serviceable dresses, popular with ladies of quiet, refined taste. English backet plaid stripes with surah are used with black wool light weight for summer dresses.

Foulards and platu surahs divide the choice in summer silks. The excellent wearing quality of the stamped India foulands has made them popular for several seasons for morning and afternoon dresses. In plain colors they may even be laundered. Allower patterns are especially desirable this season. There are many designs formed of a succession of gradinated dots; again the flowered stripes of la Pompadour, popular last season, are reproduced; and there are many pretty, irregular designs in leaf and flower motif, or in the distinctively Persian India patterns, these Eastern patterns having received a fresh lease of existence from the Jubilee of the Queen. Plaided surahs are exceedingly peetly, durable and thexpensive, all of which make them a good choice for combination with woollens for summer wear. The changeable effects and plain colors and combinations of colors already described in taffeas are reproduced in these goods. India silks in great variety of colors and patterns direct from Eastern workshops are always popular for artistic dresses,

THE CASHIER HAD HIS SUSPICIONS.

THE CASHIER HAD HIS SUSPICIONS.

From The Cincinnate Enquirer.

Mr. Gerke, one of the directors of the Metropolitan Bank, was also a tolerably large depositor at the First National, and occasionally used that deposit, back and forth, to swell the Metropolitan's credit. On last Saturday, the last banking day but one of the Metropolitan's business life, he was sitting in the directors' room of the bank when it occurred to him to tap the First for \$10,000, just to show that everything was moving smoothly. He sent his check over by the Metropolitan's messenger.

"Certainly," said the First; "Mr. Gerke has that mount on deposit, but we cannot pay it to a bank messenger without the bank stamp. You go back to Mr. Gerke and have the stamp put on it." The mesenger went back and a row resulted. He ought not o have exposed the fact that Mr. Gerke was there, cinally, however, he returned with the check dily stamped, and was paid \$8,000 in currency and \$4,000 in Metropolitan checks which had been deposited that lay. It was thus that the First unloaded.

WORSHIPPING WITH PAPER WADS.

Japan letter to The Hartford Courant.

Another way (to worship Buddah, in the temple at Klotol is to chew the prayer paper and when soft throw it in the form of a pellet at the god, through a wire screen. If it goes through and stoks on the god, the prayer will be answered. If it hits on the screen, it is no good. Some of the gods are thickly piastered with this school-boy missile. When I saw this it suddenly came to me why I did that same thing when a boy at school, using another boy as a god. It was the out-burst and overflowing of a devotional spirit. The other boy did not always see it in that light, and some-times made irreligitus remarks about it, but that was owing to his ignorance of my simple form of Buddhist worship, that's all.

Pennsylvania's Old War Governor.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin Speaks His Opinion on a Vital Question.

Ex-Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, new member of Congress, in the dark days of the war performed prodigious labor in mustering, equipping and sending to the field the hundreds of thousands of soldiers whose valor saved the cause of the Union. It was then he received the proud designation which has still clung to him. During the time he was the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of the Czar at St. Petersburg he was feted and honored as no other representative of this country over was. Since his return he has served in Congress in the exalted position of Chairman of Foreign Affairs; but in all his services and amid all his honors he is always thinking of his old soldiers and is now engaged in the laudable effort to erect a grand memorial structure on the battlefield of Gettysburg that will perpetuate the memories of that grand occasion to the re-

Although Gov. Curtin did all in his power-perhaps more than all the other Governors—to crush the rebellion, he is to-day the best and truest friend to the Southern people, and has so proven by all his votes and acts in Congress. Although over seventy years of age, his health has been remarkably good, except at intervals he has at tacks of nervous prostration, superinduced by the terrible unremitting labors of the old war days, and again brought on when engaged in any particularly hard mental occupase he writes in the following letter :

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

DEAR MADAM: I found the Vita Nuova not only a DEAR MADAM: I found the Vita Nuova not only a pleusing and exhibitrating tonic, but above all, most beneficial in its effects upon the nervous system, debilitated and prostrated by protracted and mental labor. I take much pleasure in recommending its use to all so afflicted, feeling sure they will have speedy and permanent relief. Yours very truly, A. G. CURTIN, Beliefonte, Pena.

"Vita Nuova" (New Life) will enable you to withstand the fatigue of business and society. It will remove disease of beginning days. It will cure all nervous

move danger of breaking down. It will cure all nervous move danger of breaking down. It will care at accround diseases, including dyspopsia in all forms, and sicaplessures. The Vita Nuova Confections contain all the virtues of the Vita-Nuova tonic, as required for threat and lung diseases, are entirely free from specie, opium or morphine; they are marvellous in their quick action in cases of the beginning of a cold will cut it short; a few will cure

A SOLDIER PRINCE.

HIGH HONORS FOR THE KAISER'S DEMO-CRATIC GRANDSON.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] Prince William, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, and the future heir to the German throne, received the title of Major-General as a birthday present from the Emperor, on January 27. The advanced age of the monarch and the frail condition of the Crown Prince's health have certainly had much to do with the grandson's rapid promotion. Two years ago-he is now twenty-nine- Prince William ranked only as a major, and people in general spoke with surprise at the slowness with which he advanced, yet all praised the thoroughness of his military education. Innumerable princelings were then above him, as well as untitled men of not much longer service, for a Prussian prince receives his straps at the age of ten! He was compelled to work like the rest of his comrades, equally subject to military discipline. Early and late he was with his regiment, ordered about as an ordinary major, saluting his superiors, with little or no attention-in a military way-paid to his royal rank. But all this is changed, and he wears now the brilliant insignia of a Prussian Major-General. The Emperor appointed him by telegraph -he being stationed in Potsdam-and a few hours later he presented himself to his grandsire in his new regimentals, beamingly happy at his nereased importance. Any hour may make him Crown Prince-yes, may make him King and Emperor-and the proud old ruler has at last thought it best to recognize this possibility, and prepare the young man for its realization.

Yet Prince William is a young looking Major-General. He lacks the prominent rugged features. of his father and the handsome lines of his grandsire. The Hohenzollerns have no hereditary physical characteristics. Even Professor Virehow failed to find any cranial ones in his scientific examination of the ancestral skulls. They have never intermarried, having the purest blood of all royal families-a custom which tends to preserve and intensify peculiarities. Prince William has the appearance of a young man of twenty-five. His upper lip shows a sparse blonde mustache, nose is slightly Roman, with a medium forehead, and hair stands back like Beethoven's. But deblue eye has a brave, daring expression which reminds one a little of the Great Frederick, whom he is foully said to resemble in character. brother, the "naval Hohenzollern." His right hand is badly crippled, and his right arm at least two inches shorter than his left; a defect which has caused as much annoyance and mental pain as ever Byron's deformity did. He tries upon every occasion to conceal it, but tries, of course, in vain. Yet, the skill he possesses is remarkable He carries his sword upon parade as well as any officer, and has become a most excellent fencer,

No officer in the army is more popular than this royal scion and none more clever. No wona pleasant word for all, and cracks his joke with the common man as though he were of his number. His training has been very democratic He attended school at Cassel, boarding with one of the teachers, and treated exactly as one of the other boys. Taking his lunch one day, he noticed one of his comrades eating the black brend which the poorer classes use in Germany. Wishing to tasta it, he offered to "trade" with the boy-the son, I believe, of a poor mechanic-who, of course, was only too glad to do so. It pleased the Prince's palate so much that he made an agreement to exchange lanches with the boy every day .- and thenceforward he always feasted upon the black bread baked in the house of the mechanic. He was graduated after several years at Cassel among the first in his class, to the great satisfaction of his parents who attended the commencement. He afterward-as is Hohenzollern custom-attended the University at Bonn and joined the famous Saxo-Bornssen corps, over whose annual meetings he still presides, and is as eager as any in relating the pranks of his student days. And to-day one meets him in the streets of Berlin in civilian's clothes, mingling with the people like the " citizenking." The malady and suffering of the Crown Prince in the far off Italian town, have roused the sympathies of the whole population, but despite his popularity, despite the way they love him, it is safe to say that the majority of the nation spend more enthusiasm upon his son, look upon Prince William as the wearer of the mantle of Frederick the Great, and believe him destined to fulfil the cherished hopes of Germany, further the plans of a Bismarck and Moltke, and cement the union of the Fatherland.

From The American Angler,

It is a Southern writer who compares an alligator's throat to an animated sewer. Everything, says this correspondent, which lodges in the open menth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a beetle crawls into fit, then a fly, then a gnat and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his cating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will alighe on the frog. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picule. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls; the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

DON'T ASK FOR A POROUS PLASTER